

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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NOVEMBER 20, 1927

SARA ANN LEE had won the Thanksgiving prize at Bethaven, a boarding school for girls. Each year Miss Ashley, the principal, offered four prizes — one to the girl in each class who made the best marks during the first semester. Sara Ann Lee had won from the Sophomores.

This year the prize was a trip during Thanksgiving week to Miss Ashley's home in Boston. It would mean something to visit Boston's historic spots with Miss Ashley. Sara Ann had set out to win that prize not half so much because she wanted the trip as because she wanted to defeat Letha Martin, her closest competitor.

And now Miss Ashley was announcing the winners. "Alma Sechrist, Senior." Everybody cheered as a tall radiant girl stood up to receive the card that was to serve as her credentials for the trip.

"Rose Triner, Junior." Again a hearty cheer as Rose stood up.

"Sara Ann Lee, Sophomore." More applause, but this time it was scattered and forced. Sara Ann's heart puckered up like a dry hard little prune. She heard no more of the general assembly program and as soon as she could, slipped out and went to her own room.

"Nobody is glad for me," she thought bitterly as she flung herself face down on her bed. "They all wanted Letha to win." All her life she had wanted friends and never had had them.

Her orphaned childhood spent with her grandmother had made her seem queer to children of her own age. Ever since she had come to Bethaven a little more than two years ago she had fairly ached to have a chum, to walk arm in arm with the other girls, to whisper secrets as they did.

But Sara Ann did not know how to be friendly. Her stiff overtures seemed stuck-up and offish to the other girls, and gradually they drew away from her. And then, unfortunately, she heard herself referred to as "that poor prune."

Letha Martin had said it — Letha, the freckled tomboy, the center of every activity, friendliest little soul alive. And the epithet had stuck to Sara Ann Lee, probably because it was so apt.

## The Thanksgiving Prize

By Ellen Newman



They never called her a poor prune to her face, as they affectionately and ludicrously nicknamed each other. But Sara Ann knew that behind her back she was known to the more than a hundred girls at Bethaven as "the poor prune."

All of her unhappiness had come to center about her dislike for Letha Martin. Alone in her room now, her square face with its straight gray eyes hard, she gloated, "I may be a poor prune. But I can win prizes over their rich Letha Martin."

The gong that announced the coming of the mail sounded. Sara Ann heard doors flung open, heard merry laughter as the girls scampered down the hall to get their letters. She opened her own door and marched out, her head held high, her eyes blazing defiance. "I'll show them I don't care a fig whether they like me or not!" she thought.

Sara Ann stood aloof and watched the others receive their letters. She saw Letha Martin get one of the gilt-edged envelopes that meant a letter from her home. She saw Letha hurry toward her room, carrying the unopened letter. Something in Letha's drooping body, in her face suddenly gone pale, reminded Sara Ann of a hurt animal that creeps away to suffer alone.

There was a homely, newsy letter from Sara Ann's grandmother. It was written on ruled tablet paper and mailed in an unembellished stamped envelope. The old lady ended by suggesting that Sara Ann bring some girl home with her for the Thanksgiving holiday. "Some girl that needs a bit of cheering," she wrote.

"As if anybody would go with me," thought Sara Ann bitterly. "Besides — I

must write Grandmother today and explain about my trip to Boston."

But when she had the pen in her hand she could not phrase her own plans for thinking of her grandmother's disappointment because Sara Ann was not coming home. She could shut her eyes and see the preparations her grandmother would even now be making — the yellow pumpkins in the cellar, the cranberry jelly, the mincemeat, the fat young turkey spoken for —

Sara Ann's letter had not been begun when she stole into her chair at the Sophomore table for lunch. Across the table to the left Letha Martin took her place. Letha was quieter than usual and her pert little face was pale under its sprinkling of freckles.

"She hates it because I won the prize," exulted Sara Ann. But all up and down the table, it was Letha this, Letha that, Letha everything! Not once was her own name nor the Thanksgiving prize mentioned.

As they rose from the table Nora Grubbs sidled up to Letha. Sara Ann heard her say, "Letha, will you help me with the second Geometry problem?"

The two girls went away with their arms about each other. Sara Ann hated Letha so that it was like a fire in her breast, stifling her. She could have helped Nora just as well as Letha could. Nobody ever thought of asking her for help.

It was just before supper time that Sara Ann stole into the old library. It usually was deserted at that hour and Sara Ann thought perhaps she might try again to write to her grandmother. But tonight somebody was sobbing in the shadows!

A comforting voice — Letha's voice — said, "Don't cry, Betty. It won't be so bad at Bethaven this year. You see, Betty dear, I am staying over Thanksgiving myself."

The sobs ended in a gulp of surprise. "You, Letha! Why — it isn't so bad for me — I have nobody to care for me. But you — why you have a home and a mother."

Letha's answering tones were apologetic and a bit defiant, "It is hard for my

mother to take a lot of time for me. She and Father are going to spend Thanksgiving week with some friends in their lodge in the Cumberland mountains. I got Mother's letter this morning. So, Betty, you and I might just as well think of something pleasant to do together."

Sara Ann tiptoed back to her own room. She felt weak, empty. The hatred in her breast had suddenly died, leaving only cold ashes. Letha would have to stay in Bethaven over the holiday. Bethaven, pleasant enough when it was full of girls, would be like a chaotic prison when it turned upside down for cleaning!

Strange pictures danced before Sara Ann's eyes — Letha, helping Nora with her problems, Letha, comforting Betty Lake because Betty had no home to go to, when Letha's own heart must have been aching with the consciousness that her mother had no time for her.

Presently Sara Ann was stalking down the hall, straight into the principal's office. "Miss Ashley," she said, without preface, "if I decide to go home instead

of to Boston, may I give my pass to another girl?"

Miss Ashley looked hard at Sara Ann. Anybody could see that something had happened to Sara Ann. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were eager.

"Why, yes, Sara Ann," said Miss Ashley, wisely making no other comment. "The prize is yours to use or to give away."

"Then Letha shall use the pass and I will take Betty Lake home with me — that is, of course, with your permission."

"Of course Betty may go," said Miss Ashley promptly, and added, gently, "Thank you, dear."

Sara Ann lost no time in finding Betty Lake who accepted the invitation with a rush of tears to her big blue eyes.

Then Sara Ann found Letha and held out the pass, saying, "I want you to go in my place, Letha. I am going home to my grandmother's — and I am taking Betty with me."

Letha grabbed Sara Ann in a hug that made her wince even while it filled her soul with warmth. "Sara Ann — you dear, blessed old prune!"

Signifying springtime, youth — Lindbergh's tender years.

The entire bead-work is most artistic and attractive.

The bag and the bonnet inside are conceded to be among the very finest specimens of Indian-craft work by Boy Scouts in the country today.

The objects were presented to Colonel Lindbergh when in Cincinnati by Scouts in full Indian war-feather attire.

### Now He Understands

Little Peter was of an inquiring turn of mind.

"Daddy," he asked one day, "is today tomorrow?"

"No, my son, of course it isn't tomorrow," was the reply.

"But you said it was," murmured Peter.

"When did I say today was tomorrow?" asked father.

"Yesterday," answered Peter.

"Well, it was. Today was tomorrow yesterday, but today is today, just as yesterday was today yesterday, but is yesterday today, and tomorrow will be today tomorrow, which makes today yesterday and tomorrow all at once. Now run along and play." — *Contact*.

### Miracles \*

BY MARGARET STUART URANN

I can go down to Boston Common  
On any fine morning  
And see miracles.

I can see infant faces lighted up  
With sheer wonder at the clean sun-  
shine . . .

With the joy of watching God in other  
faces.

I can see children intent on Creation —  
Fashioning strange figures out of clay,  
Their faces lit with wisdom beyond our  
knowing.

I can see adolescents basking in the sun,  
Pondering ageless, beautiful things  
Like Friend . . . Love . . . God . . .

I can see passionate youths dreaming of  
service,  
Trembling at their unworthiness, as  
Moses did,  
All fearful of so glorious a future.

I can see men fighting temptations, like  
Jesus,  
Struggling against vain desires,  
Overcoming baser instincts,  
Gaining day by day a firmer grasp  
Upon their nobler selves.

I can see Sorrow, and Fear,  
And Joy so pure that it frightens me.

I can go down to Boston Common  
On any fine morning  
And see . . . Life.

\* Through a misunderstanding at the printer's, the first two stanzas of this verse were printed in an earlier number.—*Ed.*

Colonel Lindbergh's Indian Bonnet and Bag

By Felix J. Koch



Boy Scouts of Cincinnati in Indian war-feather attire

This took him the best part of the next day.

The bead-work serves primarily as background for two Indian titles. These are in beads, also. The first is the Hopi word for eagle. The second is another Indian word for "entering upon manhood." The lone eagle of the Atlantic entering on his manhood is the idea, of course.

Around the words is done the pattern. It shows the sun — his compass — rising in a sky of blue. The border to this is red, signifying blood, virility. Outside of the red is a band of white; this symbolizes purity — upright young manhood. Inset on these is a touch of green, signi-

**Ear of Corn**

By RAELENE NEWELL WHITE

Cranberry from out the bog  
Brighter than the flaming log,  
Ear of corn and sheaf of grain,  
Time for thanks is here again.  
Long ago my fathers said,  
"Now give thanks and break the bread.  
Painted Indians, have a share  
In the blessing and good fare."  
So they feasted three whole days  
Till the Indians went their ways;  
Red man felt he could depend  
On the white man as a friend.  
Indian girl to white girl came  
Saying "Sea-Dove is your name."  
White boy said to Indian boy,  
"Watch me make an English toy."

I have heard my Grandsire tell,  
His grandsire remembered well  
How the Elder prayed to God  
For His blessing on the sod.  
So I am a Pilgrim's child,  
Father, make me brave and mild;  
Help me be as true to Thee  
As the band that crossed the sea.  
Bless the hearts of all red men,  
Call them to the feast again.

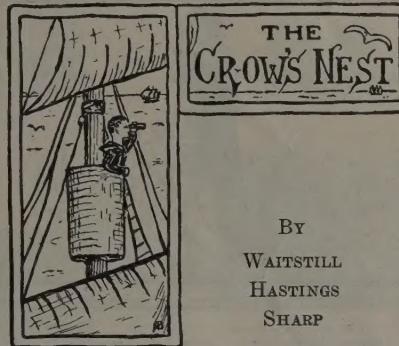
**Colony Ways**

By PRISCILLA STAPLES

*Part II*

WHAT do you suppose your great-great-grandfather did as he sat near the fireplace on long winter evenings before he went to bed? Of course he couldn't "listen in" because they didn't have radios in those days and he couldn't practise his piano lesson because he probably didn't have a piano, and he couldn't go skiing because I'm quite sure your great-grandfather didn't have a pair of skis. You and I don't really and truly know what he did do because great-great-grandfather isn't here to tell us, but perhaps we can imagine what he did. I think that he spent some of his time whittling — carving things out with his jack-knife. Perhaps he made a trencher for his little sister.

Do you know what a trencher is? It is a wooden bowl or plate all carved out by hand. Long before pewter or china plates were made, wooden ones were used commonly; when the pewter and china ones came about, the wooden ones were only used in the kitchen, until finally we suppose most of them were burned up for kindling wood. When the early Pilgrims came to Plymouth on the *Mayflower*, they couldn't bring many dishes with them in that small ship, could they? And, besides, they were poor people, so after they landed on our shores they made their own dishes and utensils out of the wood which was so plentiful everywhere at that time. Great-great-grandfather, as he sat by the fire, probably carved out a small bowl or trencher.



BY  
WAITSTILL  
HASTINGS  
SHARP

Every now and then when people are thinking about a big question like the election of a president, or whether aviators should stop trying to fly across the ocean, newspapers send reporters out into the streets to find out just what the folks on the sidewalk think about it.

Now Thanksgiving is one of the big holidays in our country and Canada. No matter what they think on other days, you can be sure that people on Thanksgiving Day are thinking a lot about it. Here is a happy family reunion around a table heavy with good things to eat. Here is a lonely man in jail. Here is a ship captain pacing the bridge and looking out over the mighty sea and thinking of a snug little cottage. Here is a sick person in a hospital. Here are grandfather and grandmother sitting by the fire. Here are a pair of young people having their first Thanksgiving in a new home. Here is a mourner lighting candles in a darkened room. But everywhere people thinking.

And if we could show our reporter's badge, what two questions should we do well to ask? I'd like to ask these:

What time were you thinking or talking about before I came in?

"Past times," or "Days that are gone," would be the answer.

If you are in a manual training class perhaps you would like to make a trencher to eat your cereal out of in the morning. Some of the boys in England still eat off wooden plates once in a while. At Winchester, where there is a very old school for boys, the wooden trenchers are brought out and used once a week.

But dishes were not the only articles that were made out of wood in those days. Spoons and ladles with long handles, and clothespins! How would you like to have to make all your mother's clothespins by hand, and would you make a fancy top on every one? A dozen of them made a nice birthday present for great-great-grandmother! Perhaps you can think of some more things that great-great-grandfather could have whittled out as he sat by the fire, for I believe that even though great-great-grandfather didn't have the radio

Isn't it true that at Thanksgiving most people are looking back to old times? That's what Thanksgiving is for — a look back to touchdowns that made history, and turkeys that made history, and the jollity of family reunions. Just because it *isn't* a day of office and school work and because it *is* a day when families ought to come together at the largest dining table and the widest hearth, each Thanksgiving Day is a chance to look back and to do something to be looked back upon in years to be. When you feel thankful you feel thankful for something that *has* happened, — a harvest garnered, a book read, the press of a helping hand.

So we look back at Thanksgiving. And the second question is already out of the bag:

What do you look back to?

We all look back to the *good* things that have happened. When you're thankful you are thankful for something *good* that has happened, aren't you? If a person asks you what your religion is, take plenty of time to answer him; write a book if necessary. But if he asks you how you came by your religion and what you draw it from, you can answer him quickly, "My religion comes from the good things of life; my religion comes out of the people, and the books and the sights and sounds in this wonderful world which have *meant* things to me." My religion comes out of the "plus" I see in *life*. If there is enough to make each day happy and worthwhile, my religion is doing its day's work with me."

So at Thanksgiving we are looking back to old times — just as at New Year's we are looking forward to new times. And we are looking back to the good things that happened in those old times. I am glad that there is one of our 365 days when we can —

"Paint bright pictures looking backward."

or the piano or the skis he was not an idle boy!

**A Good Sport**

By E. E. BROWN

He'd played his best but lost the prize,  
Yet a fine, brave smile he wore

And faced the crowd with sparkling  
eyes

When his rival won the score;  
"Why should the loser be dismayed,  
Or to foolish envy yield?  
"Twas fair and square, the game we  
played!"

He said, as he left the field.

**Books**

A new pair of eyes to see,  
New feet to go afar;  
New wings to fly with, safe and free —  
That's what books are!



## THE BEACON CLUB

### The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

From the "Stamp Club" of *Everyland Exchange* we have clipped the following letters, thinking that some of our girls might like to exchange stamps with the writers of these letters:

*Dear Everylander:* I would like to correspond with some girls who wish to exchange stamps. I have a stamp collection and I think it is lots of fun collecting them.

JENNIE M. MORET,  
Care William Moret,  
Edgerton, Minn.

*Dear Everylander:* I wish some one would write to me and trade stamps with me, as I am making a collection.

We go to an American school here and have loads of fun going for hikes, swims, and playing baseball, tennis, and other games.

Yours truly,  
MARGARET ROTTSCHEFER, High Clerc,  
Kodaikanal, India.

16 WYMAN ST.,  
WOBURN, MASS.

*Dear Editor:* We should like to belong to the Beacon Club and wear its button.

Our minister is Mr. Perdelwitz and we have many pageants which are lots of fun.

We are going to make scrapbooks and puzzles for some crippled children at Christmas. We should like to have some other girls write to us.

Yours sincerely,

RUTH M. BUCHANAN (10 yrs.)  
Church Ave.

GLADYS BLACK (11 yrs.)

22 Bow St.

BETH HORNE (8 yrs.)

43 Elm St.

LORRAINE LEATHE (9 yrs.)

22 Plymtow St.

BARBARA BROWN (10 yrs.)

VIRGINIA BROWN (8 yrs.)

14 Lowell St.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

### Puzzlers

#### Nuts to Crack

The name of each nut ends with the word "nut." The first part of each word is a word in itself, defined below. What are they?

A nut that is:

1. Always in a house.
2. A dairy product.
3. A pirate's delight.
4. A girl's name.
5. A tree.
6. A country.
7. A vegetable.
8. A drink.
9. Bread before it is baked.
10. A sandy ocean shore.

—Boyland.

#### Twisted Animals

- |                 |             |
|-----------------|-------------|
| 1. Correnshiou. | 6. Redplao. |
| 2. Ragife.      | 7. Yedkon.  |
| 3. Tanheelp.    | 8. Cadwilt. |
| 4. Shore.       | 9. Nocecar. |
| 5. Greit.       |             |

WILLIAM LITHGOW (AGE 10)  
Melrose, Mass.

#### Answers to Puzzles in No. 6

*Charade.*—Deceit. (Dee-seat).

*Twisted Names of Girls.*—1. Arline.  
2. Carra. 3. Elizabeth. 4. Helen.  
5. Frances. 6. Mildred. 7. Barbara.  
8. Rachel. 9. Dorothy. 10. Marjorie.

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How do you wake in the morning?

Are you wearing a seowl or a smile?  
The one that you choose is the one you  
will use,  
On your face it will stay for a while.

If you fasten a smile on quite firmly,  
And you can always smile if you try,  
The first thing you know, the habit will  
grow—

You'll have twinkles in each sleepy eye.  
—*Christian Science Monitor*.